

Loyalty

by NixxH

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Summary: Post Movie. M. She was a Valkyrie, chosen at a young age to lead the slain into Valhalla upon her departure from this world. She was trained, skilled, and deadly. Her restlessness leads her and her dragon to adventure and an island called Berk. Tuff/OFC

1. Chapter One: Valkyries

Author's Note: I decided to go ahead and post this story. It is complete in my stories folder, but I'll be updating regularly. Like I said, I'm going to not publish any more stories unless I have finished them outside of _FF_. Thus, here we go. This is a Tuffnut story from How to Train Your Dragon. A better summary is on my profile, along with some of the other stories I have in the works behind closed doors. Yeah, I have a lot of different ones being written at once. Ha. Enjoy!

Rating: This story is rated **M** for suggestive themes violence later.

**Disclaimer: **I do not own How to Train Your Dragon or any of its characters. Dreamworks beat me to the author. =D The only characters I own are the bandits, valkyries, Zera, and Valdis.

* * *

><p>[Chapter One: Decisions]

"_Do not worry, my friend, I shall have this handled soon." _

A soft mewl is heard from the ferocious creature, black in color with irises as red as blood. It straightens, taking post outside of the grand structure. A small smile breaks the woman's lips, patting the beast once more upon the chest before entering.

_Within, a warmth envelopes the woman, easing the trouble on her

heart. She self-consciously pulls the skirt of her armored dress down, allowing the straps that held the one-piece to her leg-plates to loosen slightly. _

Further into the meeting hall, a woman sat at a table, demanding attention. She was old, nearing her passing days, and had a fierce look upon her stern lip. She was accompanied by three others, varying in ages though all older than the woman that had called this meeting.

"_Lady Valdis, why have you summoned us so urgently?" The youngest of the group, a stout redhead with bulging biceps, much unlike the curved, secretly muscled physique of the only woman standing, calls forth to the woman of platinum blonde hair, nearly white in color._

She clears her throat, holding her head high, revealing three deep scars across her left cheek, gently beneath the icy blue of her eyes and the long, dark lashes that accompanied them. It would not be easy declaring what was needed, but it had to be done for both her sake and her beast's.

"_Elders," she calls, the voice both hardened and musical, "I have come to give my declaration. It is time I set forth on a journey that might not allow me to return, though I pray it shall."_

The dreaded silence overtakes the four seated as they look from one another, both in awe and saddened by this news. It was not often one came forward, asking to leave the island of women, the island of the valkyries.

Valkyries-in-training would be more suited, for none were truly to be named as such until their passing into the afterlife, where the God Odin would have them choose and lead the slain to Valhalla. Each and every woman upon the island had been chosen at the age of eight years, brought forth to the private island, it's whereabouts unknown to all but the inhabitants, by the God himself. It was both an honor and a curse, considering one hundred plus women were to be stranded together, without a man in sight, until their deaths, unless they chose to leave after they'd passed all of their training and were ready for Valhalla, should something happen after their departure. None that had left had ever returnedâ€|

"_We have known of your restless, lass, for years now. Why have you just decided to step forward?" The eldest of women asked, her voice rugged and aged. She was petite as well, small in stature but with an ancient, underlying strength._

"_I have thought long and hard, even trying to ride out the inevitable, but I believe it is time for my departure." She takes a sideways glance towards the wall she knew her beast sat on the other side of. "Zera is in need of something I cannot give her. I feel her pain and it hurts. I'll be leaving to find whatever it is that fills the void she is unable to hide."_

"_If that is your wish, then we grant it. We shall beg Odin for your safety away from the island, for it is only the first part of the danger you face off this island." The elder gives a slight smile, her approval lifting a weight from the younger's shoulders. "Heed me when I say you must travel light, but pack essentially. Valkyries are a

rare sight, lass. And people try to covet what is rarest of all. You have only lived twenty-three years, and you have much longer to go before you escort the slain to Valhalla. And keep that dragon of yours out of trouble, understand?"

"I understand. Thank you, my lady." The woman pounds her chest lightly, above her heart, before leaving to the beautiful beast outside. "Zera!"

The dark, serious dragon lowers down to eye level, ears trained back and waiting for bad news. She could hear the worry in the subtle noises made, fearing the worst of what would be said.

"We must pack. We leave in the morning for the mainland."

Zera growls merrily, jumping in the air and causing the ground to shake. Truly, this trip could mean a cure for the loneliness felt or a life full of longing.

* * *

><p>Switch Point of View's
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That had been three long weeks ago when I'd left my island, my most faithful and closest friend flying me through the treacherous waves, rolling fogs, and harsh winds that had kept the valkyries safe for all those years.

Before we'd left, I'd changed into a simple light gray tunic and leather skirt, my silver sheathe and sword clinking against my hip, feet covered in fur-rimmed boots. I had the silver plate strapped around my neck that held a ground-length, wide cloak of silver and gray wolf's fur, the very same creature that gave me the three jagged, old scars across my cheek a decade ago. I did not wear any of my heavy armor, choosing to carry it along with me otherwise. I did not want to take chances in this world, one I'd not been in since I was merely eight-years-old.

I was exhausted, but had at last found a lead to where I should be going. I had known for a long while what was wrong with Zera, but had never told a soul on my island in fear they would keep me upon it's rocky out cliffs and not aid my dragon. She had not found a mate, and from the way she repeated the same, agonizing voices, I could tell it was near the time she at last found one. This trip was for her more than for me to have a bit of freedom.

A village nearby had spoken of a rider and his black devil, the same description as my Shadow Stalker, on an island further out at sea. I had traveled hundreds of miles to finally come across this bit of information after following all sorts of false leads. Even then, this could be false, but I would always keep my hopes high.

"Come Zera." I remove my armor from my pack in our small campground in the woods. From it, I remove my armor and begin fitting myself within the mass of silver plates and few strands of gold.

The entire dress is one piece of armor that stops just above mid-thigh and covers my breasts in a sweetheart sort of top. The sides are cutout and held together with multiple throngs of leather, following this pattern onto my hips with shoulder pieces attached

with a few straps of leather to the breastplate, stopping above the elbows. Down the sides of the skirt, across the sides of my legs, leather binds the leg plates securely, in case of losing them in battle. The leg pieces are layered plates of metal, much like Zera's dragon scales, that start below the knee and end at my ankle. The shoes are plated sandals with multiple straps that attach to the leg plates. My sword is strapped to my waist, smiling to myself at it's gleam. Instead of wearing my winged, valkyries helmet, I opt for a jeweled circlet with many loops upon my brow, delicate and small. My cloak is fitted as well, comfortably around my neck.

We were heading to an island called _Berk_.

2. Chapter Two: Berk

[Chapter Two: Treacherous Fog]

"Curse the day I wafted into this place!" I scowl, seated firmly upon my black dragon as she landed on a rock sticking high out of the ocean. We were in the thickest fog I'd ever seen, much worse than that around my home island. Needless to say, we were lost.

We had tried to fly high above the fogs, but yet it just ended in clouds that I could not see the ocean from. Swimming below the water was hard for both Zera and myself, for I wore armor and she had to carry the weight of two. We had opted to flying in a straight line, hoping to find our way out of the mists, but sadly we had flown dozens of miles and not found anything.

"Listen, Zera. Maybe we can hear somethingâ€! " We train our ears, my eyes darting back and forth against the fogs. I needed something, anything to get us out of here safely. I was starving and I knew my dragon was nearing so as well. We both needed sleep, but none of these rocks that jutted out of the waters were big enough for either of us to sleep safely. Not only that, but it was now nothing but darkness out, no stars shining or anything. I could barely see the hand in front of my face, let alone my dragon.

All in all, we weren't in a good situation.

I pull my curling, white locks around to my shoulder, praying to Odin for assistance. As if answered in prayer by the God himself, Zera shoots off into the foreboding white mists. Something had moved up ahead, the noise of flapping reaching my ears. I urge my beast forward, hoping to find something to lead us towards land. As we near, I am able to make out a great creature of sizeable mass holding a rider atop it.

"Hello!" I call to the darkness. The mass moves closer, almost startled, and swivels in our general direction. I now could see a flame being lit on a torch, lighting up the man's face. He was a large, behemoth of a man, probably close to my age, atop a beast that looked to be made of solid rocks.

"Where are you?" He calls to the darkness that surrounded us. "Are you friend or foe? Are you lost?"

"Depends on your intentions," I make my voice roll through the fogs, noticing he was unable to see the two of us. Zera blended into the

darkness marvelously, keeping me hidden for protection. "We indeed are lost. We have been searching for an island that we cannot find for three days. We are out of food and have not slept since. We call for aid."

"Why do you sound as if you are in the air, woman?" He was becoming shifty, his beast turning in circles towards our voice. "Let's discuss that later. Come where I can see you."

"I must know of your intentions, Viking!" I holler, finally halting in mid-air instead of circling the man. I needed sleep!

"A true Viking would never harm a woman unless she was trying to kill him," he recalls, urging her forward. "I will not hurt you. Just come where I can see you so I can get you somewhere safe and away from these fogs."

I had no choice but to trust him. It was likely he knew where shelter was, and even the island I was searching for. Carefully, I nudge Zera forward, wrapping my fur closer around myself to shield against the unyielding, frigid air.

The man nearly falls from his beast, staring in shock at the two of us. I did not know if he was more surprised to see me or the dragon I sat upon. He steers closer, only getting as close as my friend would allow before she let out a throaty growl, keeping the noise quiet but still threatening.

"Another _Night Fury_!" I could hear him murmur. "Come on, we'll get back to Berk that way we can get you away from the fogs. They're tricky to get around through."

"The best idea I've heard in weeks."

I follow him for miles, feeling the strain on Zera, and finally to a massive island with all sorts of dragons roaming around and Vikings alike. Every house looked new, despite the obvious age of the few still awake. I figured that their dragons destroyed and rebuilt half of the island, in the least.

We land a bit away from the village, urged to step from our winged beasts. I unravel my cloak, removing my helmet from my bag and keeping it wrapped in a light cloth, as I carried it when I traveled to avoid unnecessary scratches. The only scratches that should be on a valkyries helmet are those with stories of battles behind them, not from being carried in a saddlebag roughly.

"I'm Fishlegs." The Viking sticks his hand out and I gently take the stubby fingers. I could see his dragon eyeing my strange one warily.
"Who are you?"

"Valdis," I disclose, smiling slightly. "Please, can you take me to your chief?"

"Yeah, yeah of course. Follow me again." He then looks warily at my beast. "Is it possible for her to stay here? She might make the dragons uneasy, with being a stranger and all."

I sigh, figuring this would be the case, before rounding on Zera.
"I'll be back in a bit, alright? Don't come unless I call you. Stand

at attention and be aware in case, alright?"

Zera nods, sitting tall and alert without movement before I begin walking away with 'Fishlegs'. What a strange name!

He leads me to a grand hall, the few people that were moving around and awake staring as if I had two heads. Obviously it was not often loan strangers appeared in Berk. I simply hold my head high as the door is opened and the two of us enter the nearly-empty building.

"Fishlegs, what are you doing here?" A tall, thick man appears, his beard long and a shaggy red coloring. "Who is this young woman?"

"Chief, she's a rider that I found lost in the fogs on patrol." Fishlegs nervously shifts again, this time twiddling his fingers. "Chief Stoick, she rides a Night Fury!"

"What?" His eyes scan me up and down. "I did not believe another of those existed, especially outside of Berk!" I was being sized up, noticing how his eyes lingered upon my sword. "Are you a fighter, lass? Messenger, perhaps?" He had seen the cloth bundled in my arms. "You're a bit too pretty to be a messenger. Where did you find a Night Fury? What are your intentions?"

"Chief Stoick, is it?" I smile warily, the fatigue wearing on my nerves. "I have come to Berk on a quest for my Shadow Stalker, or Night Fury as you've called her, from a very far land. For years, I have been her rider, and for few less years she has been restless. This is a matter I will discuss more with you in the morning hours, if you would allow a place for food and bed for the two of us. We have not slept for days and ran out of food just two nights ago."

"How do I know I can trust you, lass?" The massive man narrows his eyes, crossing his thick forearms across his vast chest. "It's not often that women in armor on a Night Fury appears on my front door."

I smile lightly. "I did not expect a Viking to trust so easily." With this, I unfurl my helmet, propping the winged metal atop my head and standing firm. "My name is Valdis. I have come from the island of the women chosen for a life after their death. I have come from the isle of valkyries, Chief Stoick. Thus it is the reason I ride a beast thought to be extinct and am the only rider I have ever found of such."

"A valkyrie on Berk!" Stoick removes his hands from his chest, throwing them in the air. "A rare sight indeed! It is not often you people leave your island, and it is even rarer that one should survive the seas, the winds, or the fogs either when trying to find it!" He turns towards Fishlegs, who stood- once again- in shock at the situation. "Fishlegs, go have the empty lodging prepared for our honored guest. Now, boy! We have a real, live valkyrie on our doorstep and you stand there gawking!"

Fishlegs run off, a laugh breaking my lips. I had not expected them to be this welcoming, that was certain, but I had hoped for such. Odin had answered my prayers, trying to keep me safe. It was not my

time to cross over and lead the slain to Valhalla after all.

"I'm sorry if we were so rude before. We are not trusting of strangers," he murmurs in his thick accent, motioning for me a seat. After taking it, he screams towards the back of the building, "Bring the lass a full plate and a cup of mead! Oh, and a basket for her dragon, would you!" Once Stoick turns back to me, he eagerly sits in front of me. "Would you be so kind as to call your dragon in? I would like to see him."

"_Her_," I correct before letting out a loud, ear-splitting whistle. Moments later, a noise could be heard in the rafters above as Zera climbs through a window near the roof, hiding in the shadows. The only thing seen were the crimson of her irises. "Zera, come down here. We should not fear our friends. They are some of those that shall be lead to Valhalla, those of Vikings."

She stalks down, cautiously circling behind me and looking over my shoulder at the man. Stoick was in awe, reaching out to pet the dragon. She snorts, smoke coming from her nostrils, before I lay a hand on her wing. Reluctantly, she allows the man to place his bear of a hand on her snout.

"What are these?" He notices the spikes that protruded behind her ears, solid white and made of bone. The same type of spike was found at the end of her tail, the only color on the beast. "I wonder if this is just of the femalesâ€œ|" He smiles at me proudly just as the food is delivered, the woman ushered away to leave the three of us alone. "She's a beaut!"

I begin wolfing down the meal before me, drinking quickly on the mead. Zera did not hesitate either, her head fully in the basket of fresh fish. Once the two of us were full and content, now feeling nothing but fatigue on our minds, Fishlegs returns to lead us towards our small home. "You must meet my son first thing in the morning! Him and his wife will be excited to find another dragon like Toothless." He shakes my hand roughly, causing me to grin. Stoick reminded me of the heavier set of my people, rough around the edges and even more brutal without realizing. "Sleep as long as you'd like and then I'll send someone over to get you to lead you back to the dining hall."

"I'll find my way back." I stand, ready to remove this armor and sleep for hours. "Thank you, Chief Stoick of Berk. I might be dead in the fog with my dragon if not for your Viking."

"We're honored to have you. May Odin smile upon you." He bows his head as I follow Fishlegs from the hall.

I memorized the way as best as I could with the sleep wearing on my eyes and making my body heavy. I leaned a bit on Zera for support as he opened the door and lead me into a decent-sized hut with a bed in the middle of one wall with a chest at the end of it, the rest of the room empty.

"Sorry for the lack of stuff. We don't have anything else right now." He looked genuinely embarrassed. "If you decide to stay a while, we can have things built in the place to make it a bit more like home andâ€œ|"

I touch his arm, moving forwards and silencing the man in one movement. Zera pounces through the large doors, moving to the open space to making a nesting spot upon the cold ground. She heats it up with some of her fire, wrapping into herself after shrugging off my packs.

"This is more than perfect, Fishlegs. Thank you for everything." I smile, then turn towards the bed fully. I was exhausted and I was so close to a warm blanket and a comfortable bed. "Good night."

"Night." The man, a few shades darker of red, exits the house and allows me to strip down and set my armor carefully off to the side. I was asleep as soon as I crawled under the blankets.

3. Chapter Three: Toothless

[Chapter Three: Toothless]

I was up around midday, armored fully shined and dressed, substituting my circlet for my helmet. I was sure Fishlegs and Stoick had spread the word of their guest by now, thus I was not surprised to be stared at upon exiting the hut.

"Where is the dining hall again, I wonder?" I tap my chin. As if on cue, a girl with long, blonde hair kept in thick braids walks up to me. She looked rough around the edges, but still petite and unlike the vast women I had seen already on this island. "Are you here to help me, eh?"

"You must be that valkyrie chick." The girl gives a rough smile, and I realize she's actually a bit pretty. "Name's Ruffnut, or Ruff, whichever you prefer."

"Valdis," I reply, following her towards the hall. Zera was still sleeping peacefully within the hut. I wasn't surprised, considering she had carried the weight of two nearly nonstop for days without food or sleep. She truly was a remarkable dragon. "When do I get to meet this other _Shadow Stalker_?"

"Huh?" She raises a brow, causing me to wonder if rumors had spread yetâ€| "_Night Fury_! Oh, yeah, after you finish your lunch and talk to Hiccup. Stoick said he'd have him doing a few things today with him so they'd be ready whenever you woke to talk."

I assume 'Hiccup' to be the son he doted on the previous night. The two of us enter the massive dining hall, now with a remarkable number of more Vikings within. Ruffnut leads me towards a table, recognizing Fishlegs immediately. All of those that were at the table seemed to be roughly my age, possibly a bit older, but nothing drastic. The men were tall, and the women were petite, yet muscled.

"Hey, Valdis, this is Astrid, my husband Snotlout, and Fishlegs." As she mentions each name, I fully take in the looks of every person.

Astrid was by far the most attractive woman I'd seen thus far on Berk. She wore armor and leggings of multiple blues and purples, her hair blonde and long. She had dark lashes and bright eyes, her

complexion soft and only slightly worn. She had very defined curves, much like Ruffnut. I smile, shaking her hand immediately, sensing I would like this woman.

"Pleasure," I murmur, earning the same grin back from the pretty thing.

The next was Snotlout, a very stout man, tall and muscled, with a clean-shaven face and a scar on his chin. He had defined, yet rounded features and dark hair to match his eyes. He wore a loose-fitting tunic and tighter leggings with a large belt over the top, bracers on both arms.

"Hey," he calls, taking my hand briefly.

I already knew Fishlegs, thus introduction to him was not necessary. I was finally able to look at him properly now. He had a thick stubble of blonde across his cheeks, chin, and upper lip, customary for a young Viking, and was very thick all over. He was taller than Snotlout, but not the tallest of the island.

"So what brings you to Berk, Valdis?" Astrid begins to make light conversation with me as Snotlout and Fishlegs go to get everyone's food. Apparently, there were also gentlemen on this island.

"My dragon," I give a proud smirk, sipping on the mead gingerly. "She was in need and I believe I know the answer to what is plaguing her. Thus, I finally figured, after weeks of searching, that I needed to go to Berk, where others rode whimsical beasts and it was said another Shadow Stalker lived."

"Is that what you call them?" Ruffnut begins wolfing her lunch down as soon as it's set on the table. Astrid and I begin at a slower pace, though eagerly divulge in the mounds of meat.

"Yes. I am the only one on the Isle of the Valkyries that rides a dragon. We have seen many, for it is not rare that they live on our shores, but never have they been ridden. Especially not one that looks like mine."

"I can't believe we have a living valkyrie right under our nose!" Snotlout makes a dramatic motion with his hands, his wife immediately slapping him upside his head. "Ouch!"

The rest of the meal is silent and I make short work of the delicious food set before. Yes, it was a bit tough, but considering I was starving, I did not care. Astrid steps forward and begins to lead me towards the top of the village.

"This is where Stoick lives. My idiot husband should be around here somewhere." She stops, looking around carefully.

Out of nowhere, a mass of black comes tumbling down, rolling towards me. I roll out of the way, brandishing my weapon and growling deep in my throat. What in the world just happened?

"Ouch, Toothless! I told you not to get over-excited! Look what you did!" The man removes himself from his dragon, turning towards me and holding his hands up. He had a bit of a strange voice and attitude, almost humble and very much unlike the Vikings. "It's okay, just put

away your sword. He won't hurt you."

Cautiously I place my sword in it's sheathe. The man was tall, his chest a bit broad and a small beard on his chin and cheeks, not touching his upper lip. His hair was a deep chestnut, wearing a tunic tucked into pants with a cloak of brown fur on his back, much like mine. What startled me was the strange contraption that was in place of his leg. He had seen battle, certainly.

"Hiccup, this is the woman your father was telling us about," Astrid greets her husband, placing a quick kiss on him. "She is said to have another Night Fury, like Toothless!"

Hiccup turns to his dragon, making a series of noises before the dragon turns an abrupt eye on me. He looked very simple compared to Zera, with no spikes and his eyes a yellow-green instead of red. He had a few scars on him, but not very big ones, and one of his tail-fins was replaced with a red contraption that hooked to the saddle. Apparently Hiccup was not the only one that lost a precious piece of them in a fierce battle.

"Hello, my name is Hiccup. Valdis, right?" He juts his hand out, shaking it gently. I nod, eyeing him carefully. "Toothless is very eager to meet your dragon. He's never seen another like him. Would you call your dragon out?"

"Wait, you can talk to him?" I motion towards his dragon in awe.
"How?"

"Dragonese. There's not many on the island that took the time to learn it, and every dragon speaks a little differently. Like accents on humans, sometimes dabbling into different languages all together." He grins. "I could teach you, if you'd like."

"Absolutely!" I was more than overjoyed to meet this Hiccup character. "You might be able to tell me if my hunch is right. My dragon has been in deep longing for years, and I have at last left my island to try and figure it out. Would you be able to speak to her?"

"I can try." He nods.

I whistle long and loud, following it with a fierce battle cry. It only took a few seconds for Zera leap in front of me, growling and snarling, ready to attack anything that came to close. Her eyes land on Toothless, and suddenly she stops, jaw falling open a bit. I found it comical. It was not often you saw a dragon in shock.

"Zera," I snap her from her trance. "Hiccup is going to speak with you alright? Tell him the truth." I could see her nod, the same mewling sound rising in her throat.

Hiccup steps forward, having an entire conversation out of strange noises and growls. She begins nudging him, showing a small portion of trust and affection towards the man. I would be surprised, but at this point, I don't believe anything is impossible.

"She's lonely," he murmurs, petting the gentle beast. "She has her rider, but that is all. It is about time for mating season again, and she hasn't found another Night Fury."

"So now everything will be alright?" I motion towards Toothless, who approached cautiously. He could see the sharp spike on the end of her moving tail.

"Not necessarily. Night Furies mate for life. They go through the entire courtship like humans do, just in case they aren't compatible personality-wise. All we have to do is allow them plenty of time before the mating season comes forth. That's a little more than a month away," Hiccup explains, just as the two dragons meet and begin sniffing one another.

"Well, I suppose I'm to stay on Berk until then?" I raise a delicate brow.

"You're more than welcomed here. It is actually an honor to have a valkyrie on our island. Odin must smile upon Berk," Astrid grins. "While the dragons are getting acquainted, why don't I show you around the island?"

"And I'll get your hut more suited and homely," Hiccup adds, placing a hand on my shoulder. "My dad is very overjoyed to have you here. Stay as long as you want."

"My thanks," I bow my head, placing a hand sincerely over my heart. Zera would happy after all of this, and I would be as well.

"Come on."

With that, I begin a grand tour of the island with Astrid.

4. Chapter Four: Celebration

[Chapter Four: Celebration]

Apparently, Stoick was happier than I believed with my presence. The entire island was throwing a huge celebration to commemorate my arrival this evening. All sorts of meats were being cooked, along with necessary decorations and I could feel the happiness in the air.

I had been on Berk a grand total of two nights now, this becoming my third. I had spent time with Astrid and Hiccup mostly, but had the privilege of Snotlout and Fishleg's company as well. Ruffnut had been around frequently, but had left early this morning with her brother on their Zippleback, a two-headed dragon that required two riders, to find more game and collect various things for the celebration. Tuffnut, her twin, was the only I had not met yet.

I felt at home here, changing from my armor into a less-heavy ensemble. It consisted of a white and golden top that dipped low and stopped a few inches above my belly-button. I wore my circlet upon my brow, golden vines twisting up my arms. I wore a simple pair of white bottoms, much like the underwear I would swim in, a large belt of gold sitting low on my hips with a sheer fabric, draping near my feet, of a gold hue as well on both the front and back, much like a long loin cloth. The boots were soles with multitudes of straps attached, the white fur placed against the front and back of my legs with the straps wrapping around to hold the pieces up.

"You really do look like a valkyrie, even in that," Astrid laughs, arriving with Ruffnut at the door. The two of them were dressed very beautifully, outfits matching mine in some aspects.

"I don't understand how I look much different," I join I her chuckling, following them out the door. Zera had taken to spending time with Toothless the last few days, and every morning Hiccup and I would join them in a ride, considering his dragon could not fly without him.

The three of us enter the hoards of Vikings, all dancing, drinking and filling their stomachs to the brim with all sorts of foods. We thrive into the festivities, spending our time indulging in all sorts of mead and wonderful music.

* * *

><p>Other Point of View

"Well you've been gone a few days," Hiccup slams a rough hand against the newcomers shoulders, causing the other to wince and glare. "How were the Meathead women?"

"The most pathetic excuse for Vikings ever. If I'm going to find a girl, she needs to look good and she needs to have a fighters spirit. Otherwise, I'm just destined to be lonely the rest of my life while everyone else marries off. Even Fishlegs is engaged!" The man crosses his arms in agitation.

"You've missed a few things, that's certain." The two men drink heartily on a large mug of mead. "Another Night Fury found it's way to our island."

"Another exists? That's great news." Tuffnut had his mug finished in seconds. "Was that it? That wasn't a lot of news, Hiccup."

"That, and it had a rider." The blonde turns to his friend at this, raising a brow. "And the beast was a female, which means baby Night Furies running around."

"Wait, it had a rider? I didn't know any others rode dragons besides our tribe," he motions out across the dancing people. "Friend, foe?"

"Friend." Hiccup smiles secretly at his rough and tough friend.

Tuffnut idly searches the crowds for the male rider of the new Night Fury, but sadly finds nothing different. A head of blonde hair is vaguely seen as Astrid fights her way towards her husband. A hand was attached to another's, savagely pulling them from the cooing of Vikings. What comes out absolutely startled Tuffnut.

The woman was curved, beautiful, with obvious muscles and small abs, wearing some of the traditional celebration clothing of the island, plus a few tweaks. Her hair was white as snow, what little light caught it showing the hints of blonde to it. The eyes were like liquid ice, solid and staring. Scars could be seen on the woman, one across the top of her left breast, which was the largest, and another

set of three under her left eye. She had seen battle, alright, and lived to tell it's tales.

"Who is that?" Tuffnut asks in awe, openly gawking at the woman.
"She's not from our tribe, that I know."

"That's the dragon's rider, Tuffnut," Hiccup explains, proud. "And she's a valkyrie. We're holding this celebration for her. I can't believe you didn't know that."

The blonde does not reply, keeping his eyes trained on the woman that approached them slowly, laughing and drinking with Astrid on her arm.

* * *

><p>Valdis' Point of View

"Ah, Brunhilda easily crushed the pirate with a single swipe of her massive hand," I finish up one of stories of pirates trying to loot our isle in the middle of the night. "Needless to say, they never returned."

Astrid was laughing, picturing the scene before her. I join her, allowing the woman to link arms with me and lead out of the crowd. As soon as we break forward, I realize she's found Hiccup and that is our destination. Growing closer, I stop chatting with Astrid and meet the eyes of a man I had never seen before. My jaw nearly drops.

"Astrid, who is _that_?" I nudge my eyes towards him.

He was tall, taller than Hiccup, and built of muscles without being as bulky as half of this island. Lean, defined abs protruded from his waist, his biceps proud and rippling against his skin. The man had hair longer than my own and straight unlike my curls, a very light, dirty blonde in color. He was shirtless, wearing only a little vest of fur to cover his shoulders and loop under his arms, the opposite side of the fanged, toothed necklace against his collarbone like Ruffnut wore. His pants were dark and a bit tight at the top, tucked into fur boots of the same color. A belt sat upon his hips, drawing my eyes to the jagged scars on his left hip, raking across a very light tattoo. Two were diagonal, sloping down to the right, and the other was across one of the first lines, sloping the opposite direction to make and 'X'. His bracers halfway covered another 'X' scar on his right arm, and the last that I could see was two small ones under his eye. Ironicâ€!

"That's Ruffnut's twin, Tuffnut Jr. And you're gawking," she sneers, elbowing me to knock me out of my trance. His eyes were very blueâ€!

"I've never seen a man that attractive before, sorry. Remember, I live on an island of women. It's not pleasant." We share a laugh, finally approaching the men.

"Hey beautiful," Hiccup coos, kissing his wife and turning towards me. "Hello Valdis. How are you enjoying the celebration?"

"I haven't partied like this since I came of age!" I smile, throwing

my hands to the air. "Thank Odin for this, indeed. And even then, when we danced can you imagine two very hefty women stomping around. It isn't pleasant."

Everyone laughs, Tuffnut's being a bit late and more awkward. I turn to face him, a tinge of red on my cheeks. He was beyond red, but tried to stifle it quickly before holding his hand out to me.

"Name's Tuffnut," a dreamy smirk comes to his face, "the best Viking on Berk."

"Yeah right," Astrid mumbles, chuckling at his feeble attempt to impress me.

"I am Valdis, the valkyrie and Night Fury rider," I introduce myself, placing my hand in his. He brings it to his mouth, kissing the knuckles with his eyes never leaving mine. My face darkens. "Very nice to meet you, Tuffnut."

"You too, Valdis." He releases my hand slowly, and I turn towards Hiccup and Astrid, who were openly watching the display of affection.

"That was cute," Astrid nudges, causing both of us to blush. "Hey, would you help me with the sword-fighting lesson tomorrow? I need to teach the kidsâ€œ You do know how to use a sword, right?"

I look at her incredulously. "Astrid, valkyries are trained to wield a sword the moment the step foot on that island. Do you think I got these from playing with Zera?" I trace my scars. "I'd love to help."

"Wonderful. Hiccup, we're going to go look around, alright?" Astrid kisses her husband again, grabbing my arm. "Come on, I need to show you where the dragons play at during celebrations." "Nice meeting you, Tuffnut," I call over my shoulder, being whisked away by the blonde girl.

"You too," he hollers back, waving awkwardly.

"So what was that about?" Astrid asks as soon as we're out of hearing distance. "You were basically drooling!"

"I don't usually interact with the male species. I wasn't too awkward, was I?" I twist my lips around, realizing I was not trained for a situation like this. I didn't like being the vulnerableâ€œ

"He was more awkward than you, by far," she claps me on the shoulder. "Are valkyries even allowed to date?"

"You see, we usually don't leave our island. There, we feel the love of Odin and that of our beasts and 'family', as you'd call everyone. The few occasions where someone has left, they never return. I suppose they are either killed or smitten. Odin does not care what life we lead after we have been taught all the skills needed in the afterlife, but asks us to be safe and never forget our God," I place a hand over my heart. "And I never will."

"Wow, didn't know all that," she shrugs, making a mental note to

write that down later. It's not often a valkyrie tells you about her island, mainly because it is rare to find one that has left, as I said.

"So, anything else interesting I should know about Berk?" I grin as she grows excited.

* * *

><p>Switch Point of Views

"Alright Hiccup, I think I just found that woman worthy of my affections," Tuffnut grins, watching the sway of her hips as she walks away. _That_ was definitely a woman worth fighting for. "Did you see those scars? That was _awesome_."

"You're going to try and court a valkyrie?" Hiccup stares at the man, disbelief on his features. "You're absolutely insane, you know that?"

"Everyone else is married or is going to be, and I can't find a damn woman on surrounding islands even. Now, I believe Thor blessed me with _that_," he motions the curves of her, much too far away to be seen now. "I'm going to do it Hiccup."

"Alright, I'll help where I can, but I still think you're crazy."

5. Chapter 5: SwordPlay

[Chapter Five: Sword-fighting]

"Parry," Astrid calls to the little boy play fighting with me. There weren't more than ten children here, all young and trying to successfully wield swords too large for them. "If you can't wield a sword, you'll never hope to use an ax."

"I'm trying!" The boy pushes harder against me, and I stifle a laugh, armor clinking. I had changed back into my usual armor, the fur discarded on the ground somewhere nearby. I had used it this morning in the early hours on my joy ride with Toothless, Hiccup, and Zera.

"Good job," I grin as his sword strikes my hip, drawing a minuscule amount of blood. The swords were slightly dull, so I wasn't worried about getting sliced or diced out here. Unfortunately, I wasn't used to using the heavy swords of Vikings, so my game was off more than usual. "You actually hit me."

"I'm sorry, miss!"

"Oh, she'll be fine," Astrid laughs. "It's just a scratch. Next up!"

The little girl was better than the last boy, but not anywhere close to being the best of the kids I had been fighting against. She was fierce, reminding me of myself as a child, except her looks were far different from mine.

"Alright, take a break everyone," Astrid finally calls, allowing the kids to sit off to the side in a group and snack on their various lunches. The two of us take a seat against a tree, Zera snoozing beside me, and munch on apples, a few slices of bread, and a bit of cheese. "You know, I seem to be seeing a lot of Tuffnut here lately."

This was my second day of sword lessons with the woman, and since meeting him I had seen the blonde man everywhere. We had chatted, growing accustomed to one another, and I could not help but feel as if he were trying to court me.

"I know. He's been speaking to me every chance he gets," I chuckle, sighing to myself.

"He's interested. He's been looking for a wife for months, but gets picky when it comes down to it. That's why he wasn't here the first day you arrive. He was on his way back from another island and another tribe, trying to find a girl." She rolls her eyes, nudging me. "Back to work."

I step back up, fighting with another lad now, parrying his weak movements left and right. This was all too easy!

"Let me show you," a voice calls from behind the group, and miraculously, Tuffnut appears. He did not wear his fur shawl today, walking shirtless through the kids. I almost laughed again as he flexes, shaking my head. He was really trying!

Without warning, he lunges at me with a practice sword drawn. We begin to dance with our swords, moving back and forth and fighting as pros. The children no longer existed, neither did Astrid, and our eyes kept on one another the entire time.

I slam my foot into his gut, and spun to grab his belt, holding the tip of my sword into his throat. A triumphant grin spreads on my face, the expression leaking onto his as well and mine changes to confusion. Why was he smiling?

"It's a tie," he murmurs, his hand tight on the back of my neck, buried beneath my hair. I felt the tip of his sword prodding the exposed skin of my side, under my rib cage.

"Hmm, you're not so bad, I supposed," I smirk, neither of us moving. "Draw!" Astrid yells at last, the two of us slowly separating. I was now red, realizing that children had been watching the display. "Alright everyone, we're done for the day. It's getting dark. Go play. Just think, mating season is coming up and then all of you will be able to find your dragon. But you have to get better first."

"Yes Miss Astrid!" They begin running off, leaving the three adults to themselves.

"Good job interrupting my lessons, Tuff," Astrid laughs as his smirk dissipates, replaced with embarrassment. "Let's go get a pint, eh?"

"Agreed." I place the practice sword amongst the others, turning to my dragon. "Zera, go find Toothless, alright? I'm going out for some drinks."

The dragon steps forward, purposely pushing Tuffnut far away from me, before nuzzling my hand. I kiss the beast on the nose, pushing her away and yawning. It was a trying day of doing little to nothing, alright.

She mewls once, then bounds off to find her new love conquest. It was cute, her reactions, and the light in her eyes had come back as it used to be. I was happy because my dragon was happy, more than anything in the world. Nothing could tear me from Berk right now, not as long as she kept up.

"So you're coming with me for a drink, huh?" Tuffnut grins excitedly.
"At least you'll be safe. I am Berk's deadliest weapon after all."

"Are you still going on with that?" Astrid rolls her eyes.

"I think I'll be safe walking to the tavern, Tuffnut," I smile.
"Though I suppose your company would be alright."

"Uh, I think I'll go find Hiccup," Astrid calls, smiling in secrecy to herself before running off to the top of the island.

Tuffnut and I walked in an awkward, long silence back into the village. I was becoming fidgety, tired of the silence that surrounded us.

"Hey, Valdis."

"Hmm?" I glance up at the man.

"I was wondering if you wanted to go night riding sometime?" he asks, proud in his words.

I mull this thought over for a moment, finding no real danger in it. I used to ride on my island all the time in the hours of the night. In fact, I preferred it to the daylight hours, especially considering Zera was invisible in the darkness.

"I would love to," I agree. "Did you have any certain time in mind?"

"How about tonight?"

"As long as we don't drink to much ale, that is."

We share a laugh, feeling his arm loop around my shoulders and rest there, leading me forward. The smirk on his face was hard to miss.

* * *

><p>Switch Point of Views

I hadn't even begun to realize what this woman was like. Her fighting style, though very different from our own, made my mouth water with the ferocity of it. It was good that Astrid had left when she did, because I was more interested in alone time with this fox beside me.

Everything about Valdis turned me on. From the cute laugh, the crude jokes, her snowy hair and blue eyes, all of it absolutely thrilled me. If Thor had presented a woman to this earth just for me, it would definitely be her.

Oh, she knew I had been hitting on her the last couple of days, but she never seemed to mind it. That, or she never actually realized, considering she came from an entire island of only women!

The rest of the night was filled with song and dance, which I finally talked the woman into doing with me. She was sure on her feet, though more clumsy with the consumption of mead in her. Instead of taking a ride that night, we decided to walk down towards the beach and soak our feet in the rolling tides, sitting upon a piece of driftwood.

"You know, I actually miss my home a bit when I'm near the ocean. It was such a beautiful view," she murmurs, her fur cloak wrapped around her. She noticed a slight shiver, face flushed from the alcohol.
"Here. Join me." She pulls the cloak around the two of us, causing our proximity to lessen.

I wasn't complaining.

"Why haven't you returned then?" Truth be told, I really didn't want the woman to, but seeing her in longing for something else was not something that exactly made me smile.

"Back on our island, I was fifth on the food chain out of hundreds of women," she explains, leaning her head against my shoulder. I take this opportunity to wrap my arm around her neck. "I was one of the firsts into battles, which brought me pride. I was a hunter, a woman to be proud of. Yet, the island had become routine, boring. Upon Zera's arrival and choosing me, things livened up, but I could never miss the longing in her eyes these last few years. I left for her. I knew she needed to find a life mate to be happy, and if she chooses Toothless, which I'm sure she will, I will never be able to return to my home so she may be with him."

I felt my heart flutter and a grin spread on my face. So, if Toothless and Zera mated!

"But you didn't leave only for her," I assume, prying for answers.

"No, not at all. I needed to see more. I was chosen when I was a babe, a mere eight years into this world, to be a valkyrie. I had no time to live, thrust into a life of training. Now that I am a grown woman, I need adventure. I found it when I left and spent my time trying to find Berk. I'm very happy I've come," she whispers, smiling as she stares at the waves.

"Valdis?"

"Hmm?" Her gaze turns to me, able to see the alcohol in her system through her heated skin.

"I understand you're drunk, but can Iâ€| you knowâ€| kiss you?"

"I wouldn't know the first thing about it. I've never been kissed,

you see," she explains, making me swallow a lump. Now was more of a time to be a man than ever.

"And I'm highly attracted to you," I divulge, placing my lips firmly on hers.

My heart begins to race, feeling her gently press back against my own. I was gentle, allowing her to experience a genuine first kiss, but domineering in the same motion. I needed her to feel enthralled, as I did.

We break apart and the woman sighs, blushing ferociously. I smirk, pulling her even closer to me.

"Tuffnut." She breaks the silence, head leaning on my chest again. The metal of her armor was chilling against my skin, but I welcomed the feeling.

"Yeah?"

"You're not so bad."

6. Chapter Six: Mating Season

[Chapter Six: Mating Season]

The month sailed by quickly on Berk. I was constantly with Astrid, Ruffnut, Hiccup, or Tuffnut. I had grown a close friendship with the four, considering them the closest I'd ever had besides Zera.

Mating season had begun and today the dragons were leaving for their special island out farther in the waters. The small group I'd begun to run with, including Snotlout, would be setting sail at the same time, allowing the dragons to fly faster ahead of us. We'd be reaching the island within a few days, giving them time to have their eggs and then carry the hatchlings back via the same boat, though flown by the dragons, back to Berk. It was a tradition they had done for many years now.

Tuffnut and I had grown very accustomed with each other's presence. I was infatuated with him, I'd come to terms with that, and apparently he had the same feelings growing as I. Ruffnut had approved, as had their mother and father- very eagerly, mind you- and since he has been courting me.

We were not serious, though exclusive to one another. Every waking moment was spent with him, and I was unsure what it would be like without his presence near me. It would be especially awkward over the next few days, considering we would be sharing a bunk together. Astrid and Ruffnut had offered for all of us to share one, but I would not pull them from their husbands like that.

"Alright, be careful and go make babies, got it?" I laugh, holding my dragon tightly. She picks me up in the best hug she can manage, having taught her how to do so years ago. A mewling noise coos in the back of her throat, setting me down properly. "Good. Now shoo! We'll be there a few days after you are."

Zera nods, looking to Toothless before they take flight, following a

massive herd of dragons, both those from Berk and the ones flying from all over, into the sky and off towards the Isle of Dragons.

"That means it's time for us to go too," calls Hiccup, motioning all of us to join him. "We're off, Dad. Fishlegs, you're in charge of scouting."

"Got it!" The bulky man nods and Stoick begins saying his goodbyes to everyone.

"And may Odin and Thor watch over all of you," he finishes, looking to me with a small smile. I return the gesture, loading up on the ship with the others in tow. They were the only ones that knew where the island was located, and liked to keep it that way. I was allowed solely because they deemed me worthy and not a threat to their beasts.

"Let's get going!" Ruffnut hollers, throwing her hands in the air. She bumps into her brother on accident. "Watch it, punk!"

"You watch it, brat!" He scowls.

The two begin a minor argument before Astrid grabs Ruff and I pull on Tuff. "Am I going to have to make this journey without you, Tuff?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world, babe," his arms go around me.

"Hey, lovebirds, get in the ship already!" Astrid yells, already at the helm. "I'll leave you behind!"

"Let's go."

* * *

><p>Midnight

I had just finished getting ready for bed, wearing a comfortable pair of leggings and a soft tunic in comparison to my armor, and set everything off to the side.

"You can come in now, Tuff," I call to the door, the man peaking in moment's later.

He was in nothing but his leggings by now, showcasing the muscles and scars I very much enjoyed to trace. His tattoo, though light, suited him with the giant scars tracing through it.

"I know you probably don't want to share with me yet, so I'll sleep on the floor." He moves to lie down, causing me to laugh.

"I certainly doubt you'll feel too good in the morning after that. Come on, I don't mind. Keep your hands to yourself and I won't break them." I fall under the covers, making room on the small bed for him.

Tuffnut wedges himself in, grinning playfully down at me. "Is that a promise?" "Possibly," I smirk in return. "Go to sleep. We have a few days of this to go."

"I'd stay right here the entire trip if you were next to me." Despite the fact that this line was supposed to be sweet, his playful smile hadn't faltered and I smack him lightly on the stomach. "Well, I like it rough-"

"Shut up, you idiot. I'm tired." I laugh, lying against his chest and falling asleep to the gently rocking of the ship.

* * *

><p>Switching Point of Views

Damn.

Yeah, I think I was in love. It had only been a few weeks spent with the valkyrie, but I already knew everything about her. She had my heart already, and as emasculating as it was, I loved it.

She was rough, mean, and feisty, but still carried a softer, more loving side. She could cook, fight, and rode her dragon like a pro. Not only did my parents love her, being valkyrie especially, but so did all my friends and the entirety of Berk.

With the woman lying in my arms, peacefully asleep and snoring lightly, probably embarrassing if she would know about it, I couldn't keep the stupid smile off my face. I got the perfect girl, that was right.

I wasn't an idiot though, and made sure to stay by her side at all given opportunities when I wasn't needed. Many Vikings had been keeping a close eye on her, waiting for their moment to court the female. Few wanted her for the woman beneath, while others merely wanted the valkyrie for bragging rights. I'd even seen her knock a guy out in the tavern for a roaming hand. I didn't even need to handle it, though I certainly didn't let him off that easilyâ€|

I would be asking her hand after a few months, if she truly did stay on the island. Even the thought of her leaving plagued meâ€| She had mentioned that she wanted adventure and for Zera to be happy, now she had both, along with a handsome man. Ha.

I couldn't watch her any longer. The waves tilted and rocked the boat until I was to weary to stay awake. My mind passes into subconscious and I dream of things to come.

Valdis' Point of View: Days Later

The island was a beautiful cover, covered in all different colors of beasts and their little ones. I expected the dragons to be weary on our arrival, but none stirred and all simply looked upon our ship as we docked it in the middle of the cover.

"I'll tie the boat up," Snotlout murmurs, obviously still slightly nervous around the hoards of beasts. It was enough to make anyone nervous and I felt the slight pang of dread in my chest. Something bad was going to happenâ€|

"I'll stay too," Ruffnut agrees, rolling her eyes at the childishness of her husband.

"Come on. This is a sight you won't want to miss," Hiccup motions me to follow.

Tuffnut's arm loops around my shoulders, a custom I was used to. He only kept it there momentarily, leaping up on a small ledge and giving a hand to help me. I take it, my armor clinking as I do so, and allow him to lace his fingers with mine and show me the process.

"So dragons lay a whole bunch of eggs at a time," Astrid begins explaining, "and they come here because they drop the eggs in pools of water to hatch them when it's time. That way, they don't have to deal with the explosion." "Yeah, like you burning half the village down years ago," Tuffnut sneers. Astrid's hand whops upside his head, spinning his horned helmet. "Ouch!"

"This is a story I have to hear sometime," I giggle.

Apparently the dragons from Berk always chose the same spot to congregate, and Hiccup lead us directly to them. All sorts of baby dragons come running forward, but I was more interested in my own pet.

"Zera!" I call, finally seeing the black beast, huddled together with Toothless. "There you are!"

Toothless gets up, running in circles and jumps at Hiccup, licking him anywhere he can. His rider had attached a special hookup on his missing tailfin, allowing the dragon to make the flight on his own. Apparently Toothless hated this contraption and had already tossed it into the ocean, or lost it, because it was no longer worn.

"If you keep destroying those, I won't make you a new one!" Hiccup laughs, strapping all the necessary riding gear onto his pet. "Now, do you have a few little ones I can meet?"

Tuffnut had taken his presence behind me, where I was squatting next to my dragon. She held something under her wing, almost smiling at me. I see a movement, eyes lighting up joyously.

"Don't be stubborn. You know I hate anticipation," I scold her, the dragon making a noise much like a laugh, before opening up the wing.

Underneath was a beautiful little dragon, identical to Toothless with red eyes like Zera. Surprisingly, there was only one offspring, but the energy it produced rivaled an entire herd. The small dragon leaps on me, nestling into my arms and causing a loud 'aww!' to sound from Astrid and myself.

"Alright, this is cutest thing I've ever seen!" I coo, playing with the baby. "Boy or girl, Zera?"

She nods her head towards Toothless, indicating it was a male. I throw the little dragon high into the air, waving it around enthusiastically. Hiccup takes him for a moment, the two of us sharing great laughs.

"Well, come on, it's time to get loaded up. We have a day's worth of

flying back to Berk, in the least," Hiccup hollers.

"You happy now?" Tuffnut whispers in my ear.

"I haven't been this sort of complete in years," I whisper back, leaning up and sharing a heartfelt kiss with the man. I still had that feeling that something was not rightâ€!

7. Chapter Seven: Ambush

[Chapter Seven: Ambush]

It was well into the night now, all of the strongest of dragons carrying the ship full of little ones. I was flying peacefully on Zera, though I felt the stillness in my heart that meant danger was on the way. I had been praying to Odin ever since we left the island.

"Something wrong?" Tuffnut was on one head of his and Ruffnut's Zippleback, leaned over to talk to me.

My brows were furrowed. "I feel like there is something wrong. I can't place it, but I know it."

"Eh, it's probably nothing," he shrugs, pulling his shirt closer to him. He had actually decided to wear one for the freezing ride back home. Despite the time of year, the nights over the ocean were not warm in the slightest.

We fly in harmony for another hour before something alerts the dragons. Out of nowhere, grand dragons, unlike any I had ever seen before, appear, bearing riders and coming in numbers. They were aiming to attack, for reasons I was unaware of.

"Look out!"

I pull my helmet from my pack, throwing it on my head to avoid any head injuries. Zera's fight or flight instinct kicks in and she immediately begins ripping at the flesh of the nearest enemy.

"Put the babies down! The boat will float!" Hiccup hollers to the dragons, repeating so in Dragonese. The boat is lowered to the water, allowing some to circle and keep it safe while others fought the massive hoard.

"Sink or swim, eh?" I pull my sword from its sheath, lopping off the head of the nearest beast that was not part of our party.

We begin ferociously fighting our combatants, losing our friends in the midst of things. Blood had covered us from head-to-toe, Zera's fireballs turning the sky blue, Toothless' mixing into the entire thing.

A particularly large dragon heads our way and I stand on top of my beast's back, leaping forward and running my sword through the rider before plunging it into the dragon's head. I scream out a monstrous battle cry, falling towards the waters below before Zera catches me.

"Great job, Zera," I coo, in her arms and ready to be dropped onto the next dragon to take out their rider. I felt a new scratch forming under my right eye, hoping it won't scar as well. Now was not the time to be worried about thatâ€|

"VALDIS!"

My name does not reach my ears in time for Zera to be knocked sideways, falling from her arms and towards the murky depths below. Another dragon catches me, throwing me around and causing my sword to fall. That had been my favoriteâ€|

I feel rope secured around me and I'm tossed onto the back of another beast, hitting my head painfully against the rough hide. Darkness begins swimming on the corners of my eyes, trying to overtake me. I had to fightâ€| If I didn't, I would die.

"A valkyrie and a baby _black devil. _I believe we hit the jackpot," I hear a voice say, the words working in and out of my ears.

That was the last thing I remember before I blacked out.

* * *

><p>Switch Point of Views

The dragons and their riders left before any more damage was caused, leaving the group to assess the damages.

"Everyone is here for the adults," Snotlout hollers, recounting again to make sure.

"We're missing a baby!" Ruffnut adds. The twins were inspecting the boat. "It's the _Night Fury_!"

Hiccup feels Toothless jolt, speeding towards the boat. He was panicking, nosing through the babies and even running into the lower cabins. His baby was nowhere to be found.

Zera had joined him on deck in his search, but they were not only missing a baby dragon, but a dragon's rider as well. Upon realizing this, Zera let's out a heart-wrenching screech, shooting off into the air and looking around wildly.

"Where is Valdis?" Tuffnut realizes, eyes wide and his heart pounding.

"We have a problemâ€|" Astrid lands, breathing heavily. She was holding the silver sword that belonged to the valkyrie. "This fell on Stormfly when I was fighting. She's gone, isn't she?"

"We have to find her!" Tuffnut hollers, anger brimming in his blue eyes. "We can't just stand here!"

"We're only an hour from Berk. We have to get the babies there first, and then set up a search for her. If we don't, we'll never find either of them," Hiccup, always the voice of reason, chides his friend. Though he understood, for if Astrid had gone missingâ€| He didn't even want to think about the terrible things he would be doing.

"I can't just leave her out there! There's no telling where she is or what they're doing to her!" Tuffnut was beyond enraged. His girlfriend, or whatever she was to him, was kidnapped by lunatics on dragons he'd never seen before.

"Now, Tuffnut!"

They quickly get the boat back in the air and fly as fast as possible to Berk, Zera making horrendous, heart-wrenching noises the entire way back.

* * *

><p>Switch Point of Views

My head spun and everything was dark, my body aching and my stomach churning when I finally woke. I was unsure whether I was blind or if I was in a room with no windows. What had happened?

My heart begins to race as I sit up, panicking slightly. I leap forward, regretting so instantly, but find the nearest wall and begin reaching around for a door or anything. I had been captured by a group of dragon riders.

I find a door and immediately begin trying to open it, failing with every effort. I feel tears of frustration running down my face, my fist sailing into the door. I feel a small dent form, but now my knuckles were broken and bloodied. Great!

"Hey, I think the girl's awake!"

Someone was yelling from the other side of the door. The metal barricade opens and I run forward, my legs caving in. I was too weak to do anything.

"Grab her!"

I'm snatched up by three men, thrashing for all I'm worth. I give up after a few moments, panting and sweating in the heat of the room. I had just come to realize I was only in my undergarments, my armor removed and sitting against the wall across the room.

"Oh yes, you're a prize indeed, lass!" A man grabbed my chin, sneering wickedly. "Odin has treated me wrong up until this point and now it is time to spit him with one of his greatest treasures." He holds my helmet up. "A valkyrie!"

I had no idea what was in store for me at this point, but I knew it would not be pleasant.

8. Chapter Eight: Despair

[Chapter Eight: Despair]

My body was battered, broken, and bruised. I had been tortured and maimed in hopes of revealing the location of my island. I had not given the answers desired and have paid the price for it. I would never betray those I cared for.

I had since discovered that the offspring of my beloved dragon had been captured as well. Apparently they were after the rare dragon all along, and had merely won me as a prize in their invasion.

Not only had I been physically wounded, but a far more serious pain had been inflicted on me. The emotional scars from this trip would always haunt me, and I suddenly wished I had never left my island.

I had been raped. Not just once, but repeatedly by multiple men. I had never hurt as I did now in all of my life. The heartache was excruciating. There was only one man in this world I had met that I ever wanted to give myself to, and he was on Berk, hopefully safe.

"I don't think I can get myself out of this one," I whisper to myself, voice hoarse and scratchy. I rake my dry tongue across my chapped, bleeding lips, trying to moisten them and failing.

I needed help.

* * *

><p>Switch Point of Views

"We've been looking for days, Hiccup. What if we can't find her?" Astrid murmurs sadly, Stormfly doing a great job keeping up with the overworking they were doing to find Valdis.

"We will find her. Tuffnut left a few days ago on Zera without telling us, and for all we know he is already there. We have to find Toothless' baby too, don't forget."

She nods, never wanting to truly quit the search, but fearing the worst and what they would find. It was possible that they would really never discover the whereabouts, and the possibility of either being dead made Astrid's heart tear into pieces.

"Do you hear something?" Hiccup turns his head, facing the opposite direction. "It sounds like a battle horn."

"Should I sound one back or what?" Astrid holds tightly to her horn.

Hiccup holds a hand up, shooting off in the direction the noise came from, his wife quickly on his heels. She could not hope to catch up to a _Night Fury _but kept him in eyesight. It wasn't long until they found the massive procession.

What they find was both shocking and frightening.

Tuffnut had not gone straight looking for Valdis, he had actually used his head and done something reputable and intelligent. Instead of wasting his time and energy ravishing the lands for his lost love and wearing down her dragon, he had formulated a pretty decent plan that Hiccup was proud of him for. Apparently he had become a man after all.

He had called upon the valkyries.

* * *

><p>Switch Point of Views

I hated to say it, but I was ready to die. It had been a week and still I rotted in this dark room alone, nothing covering me against the cold. I had been lying in a pool of my own blood most of my time in here, for I had no will to move.

I felt pitiful, useless against my captors. I had barely been fed or given water, just enough to keep me alive, and had heard I was going off to auction sometime within a few days, meaning I would be sold as a human slave to the highest bidder. Life was slowly going downhill at this point, and I honestly might have ended myself if I had anything at my disposal to do so.

"Even if it's too late for me, maybe they'll find the baby," I whisper, coughing moments after from a thick bile in my throat. "I'm going to die in this place. I really am. Great, not even a heroic death. I'm sorry Odin, I've failed you. I should have never left the island of the Valkyries."

A very comforting feeling enters my head, something unfamiliar and foreign. It was as if someone had wrapped me in a warm blanket, holding me close and unwilling to release, yet no one else was in the darkness with me. I am forced to sit up in the arms, my mind working in overdrive to try and figure out if this person has been here the entire time or not. I knew I wasn't blind, but I had never seen anyone come in from the light.

"_You have not disappointed me, my child._ The voice was melodious and soothing, making a sigh come from my lips. It felt as if fresh water was poured down my throat. _"I have left you to ruin. Just last a bit longer, lass, and everything shall come to pass._"

"Odin?" I utter in disbelief, my words quiet and panicked. "No, it cannot be!"

A light surrounds us, showing me the impossible. In front of me, holding my nude form close and raking his eyes over the damage-without the lewd thoughts, mind you-, sat my God. Odin, the ruler of war and death, had me in such a gentle embrace, the light pouring from his skin, and I was able to see the white of his beard, his massive muscles and armor, and the signature wings on his helmet.

"Do not lose hope, child," he orders, his accent thick and words fierce. "Soon, it will be the time to strike. You will know when. Now, do not die in this cell. It is not your time to take others to Valhalla. One more hour, then you will know."

"Yes, my Lord," I bow my head in respect, gently being sat down by the giant man. He places a kiss to my forehead, beard tickling my neck, before his light fades and I can no longer feel his presence in this room.

I felt rejuvenated, as if the horrid trials had not come to pass on my body. I still knew what had happened, still felt it in my subconscious, but felt as if I could fight a thousand wars. I was back, and ready to fight.

And it was true, for only an hour passed before I heard crashing within the room. Shouting comes, followed by my door being opened and one of the other guards to pull me out, thinking my body still drained and weak.

Arriving out into the main hall, I am happy to hear _'the Vikings have brought valkyries!'" ringing from the rooms. Tuffnut had come after allâ€¦ And he'd brought the valkyries to find me. Very smart move indeed, otherwise I might still be lost to the world, wherever I was at.

"Take the girl to the back room. Do what you want with her. I want them to see her," the leader sneers, motioning me away. Another guard joins the first, both dragging me to the back to partake in whatever sick fantasies it was that they had.

I'm thrown on a table just as I hear the door burst open to the main hall, the man dropping his pants and getting ready to take me again. When I feel him get closer, noticing the other man stroking himself, I leap forward and take hold of the hard appendage of the one trying to rape me, twisting and pulling it and listening to his screams.

The other man clumsily runs forward, aiming to stop the irate valkyrie, but is met with the sword attached to the first guard's hip. I ram the blade through his nether regions, then pull it back to allow him to bleed out on the floor. The same is done to the other man as he writhes pathetically at my feet.

I look about the room for my clothing, but realize it was probably in the main hall still. At this point, I did not care about my nudity, but my lust for death was prominent. I rip the door from its hinges, letting out a fearsome battle cry as I see the war waging in the room. A few close by turn to me, my allies eyes wide at the sight of how broken I was. I did not care for now, and was fueled by the adrenaline of Odin, urging me to fight and win.

I pull my matted hair around to cover my ample breasts, leaping forward and onto the table, lopping heads off as I go. The leader was near the end, battling against a familiar blonde, and did not even realize that I had leapt from the table, taking him down to the ground painfully.

Straddling the man, his eyes grow at the rage he could see in my own. "Got some fight left huh? I thought we broke you of that days ago. Guess I didn't get rough enough."

"More than enough," I growl, reaching behind me to grab his dick, digging my dirty nails into it and feeling blood gush down. He begins squirming, howling in pain and hollering for me to stop this. "Nope, I'm going to make you feel the same pain that I felt."

I was sure I had temporarily gone insane, for the thoughts that raced through my head were horrendous and vile, yet I was desperate to try them on this man. I would not make his torture last, but I would certainly not make his death quick.

With a violent tug, twisting his shaft, I use the cuts made by my nails as a severing point, ripping the appendage clear from his body

with a cruel strength that Odin had blessed me with momentarily. The remnants that I held were stuffed into his mouth, grabbing the sword and stabbing him straight through his chest, nailing the weapon into the ground so he could not get up. He would either bleed out, choke on his own appendage, or die from his organs getting run through. He would be dead within the hour, hopefully longer if the torture suffices.

"We've won! We've found the baby and Valdis!"

At last the weariness I felt had caught up with me and my nude form falls to the ground, barely conscious and drifting in and out of this world. I was tired, hungry, and parched again, for my God had only given me the last ounce of strength needed to end my torment.

* * *

><p>I was flying, cradled against a scaly hide, the cold air tickling my face. A thick fur was wrapped around my form, hearing the familiar coo of Zera in my ears. I believed she was carrying me, but I was unsure. Who was riding her? I could make out a faint outline through the hazy darkness. She never allowed anyone to ride herâ€|

My body was lying against the cold ground, almost immediately retrieved by a pair of strong arms. I was passed off to another, and then felt cool water sliding down my throat. I could barely perceive how to swallow but do so quickly. The coarseness of my throat lessened slightly.

Only moments later, I'm being bathed and scrubbed of the impurities and blood. My hair was doused and washed thoroughly. My body felt lighter by the minute.

"_She's near dead," a voice calls quietly, that of the doctor of Berk, I believe. "Amazing, considering she's even alive. The woman is beaten to pieces. Her hand is broke, a few ribs as well, and she's lost a lot of blood."_

"_Will she survive?" That voice was one that called to me, one I yearned for. It had to be Tuffnut, but I could not open my eyes or speak. _

"_If Old Wrinkly has anything to do with it, she certainly will. Now get out, I have work to do!"_

I was burning. Every place that I could still feel was alive with fire. The numbness was gone and I could hear screaming. Wait, I was screaming. Why? Was I burning alive? Did they come back to kill me?

"_Shut up, lass! You'll wake all of the village. It is merely a concoction to heal you faster. It will burn!" Old Wrinkly was trying to scream over mine._

I was unconscious again moments later, dreams of dying in fierce fires plaguing my mind.

[Chapter Nine: Awakening]

I groan, eyes fluttering open and seeing the light of a candle nearby. My body did not ache as it had constantly in my sleep, and I had been peacefully dreaming since. I was in a little hut, one I did not recognize, on a soft cot in nothing but undergarments.

"Ah, about time you came to!"

I turn to the voice, seeing the tribes doctor grinning at me. I smile weakly back, carefully sitting up from the small bed I'd been inhabiting.

"Water?" I ask, voice still hoarse but far better than it had been.

The medic immediately hands me a cup, and I find my hand wrapped tightly in a bandage and splint. I use the other to grasp the water offered, downing it in one go.

"How long have I been out?"

"Nearly a month. We didn't think you'd live through it, to be honest, lass." The old man was puffing on a pipe as he sat down, checking over her wounds. "You've healed up nicely, but have gotten a few scars out of the mix."

"Scars are nothing I cannot live with," I whisper, remembering some of the nightmarish acts I went through. "And some scars are so deep, I'll never forget them."

He nods, understand what I meant by that. I was devastated to have my womanhood taken the way I did, but I would have to move on. It would be a burden I carried with me forever, a haunting truth to what it was like to lose focus on your surroundings in a fierce battle. It would take many moons for that to ever heal.

"Try giving walking a go. I know you've been off your feet for a good while, but the worse is over healing-wise. Just have to watch those ribs and your hand to not damage them further." He puffs a few more times, standing to help me to my feet.

I shakily stand, unnerved to be in such clothing in front of him. I would not worry about this old man though, and owed him my life for all he'd done.

He walks me to a set of clothing, a simple white tunic and brown leggings with a pair of boots to match. After dressing, I use a simple throng of leather to tie my long hair into a high pony-tail, taking a mirror offered to assess the damage.

A new scar had formed under my right eye, another going down the same side of my neck from underneath my chin to my collarbone. I had seen another on the inside of my thigh earlier, an even more physical reminder of what had taken place. I would have to mark over it someday. Soon, preferably, with a tattoo from anyone that could.

"See, still as pretty of a little lass as ever. You just have more

stories marked on you," he whispers, his smile contagious. Though small, I give him a ghost of one. "There you go! Now, let's feed you to gain some strength. I have a potion for you to take, and then you need to go and find everyone else. The entire village has been worried sick."

I nod, sitting at the makeshift table and finding out how starved I was when I begin devouring the hefty portions in front of me. It was not until I was completely full that I took the vile-tasting herbs, offered a mug of ale afterwards. It was exactly what I needed at this point, mainly to wash away the taste that lingered on my tongue.

"Ah, there we go. Now shoo! You've taken enough time up in my cabin!" He laughs, ushering me from the decent-sized home.

I step foot onto the soil of Berk, the sun slowly lowering in the sky. It was near sunset, about a good two hours off, if that. I had a few people to find.

"Hmm," I sigh, letting out a bellowing whistle that echoed down towards the people below. It had the right effect, a black blur bounding forward and towards me.

Zera stops at my feet, wagging herself around excitedly. She nuzzles against my face, wincing as she pushes me back a step. She backs up immediately, eyes wide.

"I'm fine. Come here you big oaf," I coo, pulling my arms around her neck and hugging the beast for all I'm worth. She had come for me, along with my friends and family. Thank Odinâ€œ! "Without you and the others, I'd be dead. Or worseâ€œ!"

She slobbers across the side of my face, earning a disgusted cough as I try to wipe away the trail of drool. Well, at least I felt back to normal.

"Where's everyone else at, Zera?" I had finished getting the saliva from me. "I'm sure they'd be happy to know I'm alive."

She motions me to get on her back, and with a bit of difficulty at my broken hands and ribs expense, I finally climb atop her. The beast takes off running, careful not to rock me around too much, and stops in front of the Dining Hall. Of course, it was dinner time in Berk.

With her assistance, I slide from the beast and make my way towards the door. Pushing it open, I find the entire congregation eating over loud conversations. Vikings were certainly boisterous, that was certain, but a few females I recognized were not any quieter.

Astrid was the first to notice my noiseless entrance, spitting her cup all over Fishlegs. She wastes no time in leaping to her feet and leaping across the table towards me. She stops, gently wrapping her arms around me and holding on as if I would leave should she unravel.

"We were so worried!" She pulls back, holding me at arm's length. By now, many had noticed the ruckus and swarmed around the two of us. Cheers were heard from everyone, and I'm passed to another set of

arms.

"You are such an idiot!" The woman's voice was deep and had a thick accent.

"Brunhilda?" I question, staring at the hefty woman with a dumbstruck face. "Why are you here?"

"We have stayed until we were sure you would actually wake, young Valdis!" Gunnvarr, another of the larger women of my island, calls, pulling me to her as well. "Ever the small and pretty one, but fierce nonetheless!"

"Hey, we want to see her too!" Ruffnut squeezes between the two massive women, shaking me. "Are you alright?"

"I was until you started throwing me around like a puppet!" I scold, holding my head at the headache trying to push it's way forward.

"Sorry," she murmurs, shyly backing up.

I'm greeted fondly by Snotlout, Hiccup, and Fishlegs in turn, eyes searching for Tuffnut amongst the mayhem. Where could he be?

"If you're looking for Tuffnut, he's standing guard by the cliff face. He's been there, waiting for a sign that one of those thugs survived ever since the accident. Or he's been at Old Wrinkly's, bothering him as to your condition," Astrid whispers, pointing out a nearby window. Sure enough, he stood atop a tall cliff, sitting there and staring off towards the sunset.

"Before you disappear for a few hours," Hiccup waves me towards the door, "let's go see our new addition."

My eyes grow, wondering if the baby of Toothless and Zera had made it or if it had died from the stress of it's capture. I follow behind him quickly, leaving everyone else in the Dining Hall, and wind up not far from the cliff, near Hiccup and Astrid's home, where both our Night Furies were playing with a little version of the two.

"Toothless, bring Reidi over here, would you already?" Hiccup hollers, staring at his dragon expectantly.

Toothless runs over, giving me the same greeting as Zera did, with a little dragon bounding after him. The baby had grown a bit since it's birth, but was nowhere near the size of the other two. It sniffs me curiously, but leaps into my arms when Zera gives a series of noises to the creature.

"You are adorable!" I coo, holding the baby as it squirms and plants wet kisses all over my face. "What did you say the name was?"

"Well, since it's a boy, I thought we'd call him Reidi," he smiles as I nod.

"Wrath, I like it. Means Fury, also, which shows your lack of imagination," I laugh, setting the baby back down.

"Hey, I'm a guy, remember? I like things simple and to the point," Hiccup grins, motioning his hands for me to go on somewhere. "You have someone else to greet, remember?"

Of course I had not forgotten. I turn, moving as quickly as I could with my injuries, heading towards the cliff to find the one man that kept me going.

Tuffnut was in his same spot as the sun began to fully disappear, glaring out towards the sky with an unyielding gaze. I was almost intimidated by the gesture, his arms folded and legs curled around him. He reminded much of a statue with the way his body seemed nearly still.

"Well, I did not believe you hated the sky so," I cross my arms, smiling as I stood behind him, "considering you are in it most of the time."

Tuffnut's shoulders tense, the breath hitching in his chest, before turning his head to face the intruder. I knew my voice was not the same, what with it being still scratched and raw, but the reaction was not what I expected.

He finally realizes his company, mouth dropping. It only took him a minute to process that I was out of bed, standing and talking to him. Tuffnut became a blur as his arms encircle, head burying into the top of my hair. I had not realized he was that much taller than meâ€!

"I thought you died," he whispers against my lock, successfully messing up my pony-tail.

Despite this, I wrap my arms tightly around his waist, holding him close to me. "I think I did for a while back there."

He pulls away, looking me over, anger evident in his face. "What they did to youâ€!"

I hold my hand up, halting his sentence. "Are they dead?"

"You finished off the leader. Tortured him. I stayed until he choked on his own blood," he spits upon the ground on finishing his comment. "Everyone else was finished off too, don't worry."

"Why do you sit here then?" I whisper, looking out across the waves.

"In case," he assures. "That, and it's calming. You've been out a month."

"Old Wrinkly told me," I murmur.

We were silent for a moment, staring into one another's eyes. His lips lower to mine, sharing a kiss so deep, I felt light-headed.

He pulls away, forehead to mine. "I've been a ball of rage since you were captured, then worried when I had found you. Zera took me to the valkyries and they did not hesitate in helping you out. Helping me out. I want you to stay on Berk with me, Valdisâ€!"

"What are you trying to say, Tuff?" I whisper, hand on his cheek.

"I want you to marry me. Live here with me, forever. I understand if you don't want to stay off your island now, but it's the only thing I want." His words were sincere, and the quietest I'd ever heard from him. He was loud mouth, after all. "I love you. I want to protect you from anything and everything that might try to hurt you."

I process his words, pulling back and staring in shock at his revelation. He wanted me to marry him, to live a life here with everyone I'd come to care for besides my valkyrie family.

"They've consented, too," he informs me. "They saw what I was like and the urgency I came to them. At first, they aimed to kill me, wondering why I rode your dragon into their home. When I explained, they helped. And now, they feel as if you belong here. But you can leave, instead."

I take in a breath I did not know I had been holding tightly in. I was still trying to process everything that was being declared. Tuffnut was patient, finally letting it all sink in.

"Tuffnut," I pull him to me, "I would be honored to live here on Berk with you. Forever."

It was his turn to stare, picking me up and spinning me around.
"You'll marry me then?"

"Yes, I will," I smile wildly. "I will be your wife."

"You've made me the happiest Viking alive!" He hollers to the world.
"Odin, I swear I'll take care of her! I swear it now!"

We laugh together, reveling in the touch of one another. I was happy, happier than I had ever been, and in love with an idiot Viking. The deadliest weapon of Berk was going to be my husband, and I his wife.

To be honest, everything was perfect.

As a valkyrie I lived, and as a valkyrie, I'd die. But not on my island, no, this was my island now. I would be a Thorstonâ€|.

And I was the happiest woman on the planet.

End
file.